

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES 8

Knights of the Golden Eagle

treasurer.
Castle admitted five candidates on This makes 15 cardidates for this January 1 and it will try hard to 100 mark before the end of the

Knights of the Mystic Chain

Artisans' Order of Mutual Protection Assembly appeared in this department last Thorsday, M. E. Master Artisan Smith has



M. E. Master Artisan Smith has appointed the following deputies: Capitol City, Horden H. Mills: Keystone, James H. Maloney; Fennaylvania, Frederick L. Keene, Progressive, Phillip H. Deerle: Brookfyn, J. Audett, Girari, Wesley H. Kehr: West Philadelphila, C. W. Higsins; Linwood, Loftus, G. Armstrong; Commonwealth, Rev. J. E. Hill; Radiant Star, E. Reed: Hadden, William B. Good Will. S. R. Johnson; Camden, Carmichael; Spartan, Howard W. Frield, S. Gray; Holidays-Hood Will. S. R. Johnson; Canden, Carmichael; Spartan, Howard W. Grprise, Charles T. Evans; Oriental, and; Southwestern, Charles W. McChammontob, A. R. Underdown, Jr. J. W. Walson; Fidelity, William B. Naternity, James F. Comly; Conceter C. Evans; Continental, E. L. Hartisburg, C. A. Swarger, Muncy, thington; Lancauter, J. E., Simpson; Joseph T. Taylor; Mountain, W. B. Johnson; Jr. C. C. Sticker; Waverly, Cruzler, Jr. Racch H. Jordan; Watsontown, W.

The control of the co

Assembly's newly installed officers r first chance to demonstrate their a the ritualistic work, and they perha a very creditable manner. John W. and they are a master artman, Reuben & Helts. 100st, 184 J. Hickey Jackson inspection.

d, backed up as it was by the tribute person by M. E. M. A. Harry C. to whom a bouquet of howers was d. M. E. Supt. Thempson and M. E. r. Cox delighted the brothers by effalls.

E. officers were then, by courtesy of land motored to Underdown Assembly

inducted the program and enjoyed the credit for "howling" success.
Oriental and St. Paul's Assemblies had a semblership contost last year and one direct he other on the result. Now they are forming a joint dining club for menthly meetings.

Shield of Honor Grand Muster Miller, in company with the rand officers, will visit Mercantile Lodge, 325 Columnia avenue, March 15. This is the some lodge of the srand master, and a good louge of the grand master, and a good is looked for.
Grand Master, Past Grand Master Gibb.
Grand Master, Past Grand Master MorGrand Master, Past Grand Master MorJohn Master, Welling the MorJohn Master MorJohn Master Master, and the grand were surprised at being conducted a class meeting, where a fine grobestra in waiting to welcome them. A table of with good things was in evidence, and short executive session three applications received. Grand Master Miller progred the meeting one of the best he had ded. Past Grand Master Datzer was not to remain on account of a death in his light of the past of the past Grand Master Datzer was not to remain on account of a death in his light of the past Grand Master Datzer was not to remain the past Grand Master Datzer was not to remain the past Grand Master Datzer was not to remain the past Grand Master Datzer was not to remain the past Grand Master Datzer was not to remain the past Grand Master Datzer was not to remain the past Grand Master Datzer Waster W

Royal Arcanum

There is a strong rivalry between two of the argest councils in the State-Philadelphia Council, with a membership of nearly 1600, and



Loyal Order of Moose A number of episodes somewhat out of the

ordinary routine of business at the meeting of Loge, held on Pebruary 28, caused the members who were present—fully 1970 in number—to regard the occasion as one or the most interesting meetings of the winter series.

Dictator John W. Ford, who has recently returned from a two weeks trip to Florida, regaled the assemblage with anecdotes of the lourney and with references to his visitation. Everywhere no was treated surressy and lossystality for which another and the fact that he was streated and the fact that he was

Order Good Templars

An interesting meeting was held on Feb-uary 28 in the College Hall of Lafayetts ollege, at Easton. This religious temperance

dries at its hall, France and a splentid time at ker City Lodge had a splentid time at vashington tea party, and the trade vashington tea party, and the trade vashington and a postcard sight for the orphans home A postcard sight for the orphans home and a postcard sight for the orphans.

Knights of Pythias



Knights of Columbus

Independent Order Rechabites

The annual meeting of eastern Pennsylvanis istrict No. 1 was held in Lighthouse Hall, his city, on February 25, a good representation

Haymakers' Association

State Chief Haymaker Louis T. Seegar he principal speaker at a District meet inder the auspices of the Haymakers' Ac-association. Fourtagy 27. The State's &

THE DAILY STORY

Sylvia's Fortune

In a well appointed but not luxurious library two men stood staring at each other. The younger, white-faced and startled, leaned with one hand on a mahogany table. The other, older and more calm, smiled with conscious pride and

"Orville Weston!" gasped the younger an. "You here?"

"You seem scarcely pleased to see me,
Marsden," replied the visitor coolly, as
he took a chair. "I just-arrived. Of
course, you understand."
"N-no. What do you want?"
"I have just learned of your remarkable good fortune. It is not every fellow
who escapes State prison to be made custodian of a your girl's wealth."

who escapes State prison to be made custodian of a young girl's wealth."

"Hush! She is in the house. You know I was innocent of that crime."

"Innocent?" sneered Weston. "Of course, every fellow is innocent until he is proven guilty. The crime was committed."

Young Myssien almost reeled He

Young Marsden almost reeled. He glanced nervously toward the library door. It was nearing midnight.
"I know," said Weston. "She is with
your uncle and aunt at the theatre. But

your uncle and aunt at the theatre. But before they reach home we'll have a talk. I'm broke, Marsden."
"So am I."
"I know you are. A fellow just admitted to the bar can't be expected to have made a pile. But you've got Sylvia Ford's fortune in your keeping."
Marsden, who was not the hardened man of the world his unwelcome visitor was, turned still willter and glanced apprehensively toward a small safe.

just brought out a book. He was all the rage there then, and you had the fever, as well as the women. You had an autograph book—a singularly convenient one. Remember, Whittaker put his signature on a page—perilously near the bottom—remember?"

Marsden's breath was coming fast and painfully.

painfully.

"And remember a month after that a draft for \$4000 was cashed, signed by Whittaker, and although he awore he never gave it, his name was attached, and he had to admit the signature?"

"I-the book was stolen," whispered Maraden. "You know who took it."

"Oh, no; I knew nothing about it. But the book, with the missing page torn out, could easily have been identified as your own. You know that."

"It was never found."

"Oh, yes, it was found. It is in existpainfully.

"It was never found."
"Oh, yes, it was found. It is in existence today. And the detectives are not
through with the case yet. I know
where the book is, Marsden." But I am innocent. I did not use the

"But who would believe you? You owned the book. You asked Whittaker to sign his name. You said you wanted him on a page all by himself. He neglected to add a verse—he left the page blank except for his name. You needed money. You had money after the draft to bearer was cashed. Remember?" "My uncle gave me that." "Who would believe it? Don't you know, Fred Marsden, that the production of that book now, the fitting of the page where it was torn out, your name on the cover, would be evidence difficult But who would believe you? You

on the cover, would be evidence difficult to refute?"
"My God, yea."
"And you, Just starting out on your career, in love with the most beautiful girl in your set, with the world before you, would probably be sent to prison—would surely be sent to prison—bo you you, would probably be sent to prison-would surely be sent to prison. Do you think of fnat?"

"You dare not! You cannot!"
"I dare, can, and will if you do not obey me. Listen. I know that you are co-trustee with your uncle of Sylvia Ford's fortune, and I know from your wild look toward the safe that some of it is there. I want money, I will have money one way or another. You have the investing of the money. You can give me what you have here—you will never be suspected. You will rise, you

"Take your choice," said Weston,

Thoughts that burned like molten lava rushed through Marsden's brain. He was no longer master of himself. Like a man in a dream he rose from his chair. moved by the powerful will of the other, moved by the powerful will of the other, and crossed to the safe. Instinctively Weston turned the lights low. Marsden moved like a man walking in his sleep. Dimly he was constitute of his lifelong innocence, but the words of Weston were ringing in his ears. And he loved Sylvia as few men ever love. He opened the safe. There lay a pile

of bank notes—notes he had drawn from the bank that afternoon. He vaguely wondered how Weston knew. There was a dim recollection of seeing a man like

"There's a light," said a slivery voice. "There's a light," said a slivery voice.
"Fred must be waiting for us,"
Weston was perplexed. He glanced around. In the library was a large screen. Noiselessly he slid behind that. Marsden did not know. The realization of what he had done had come upon Marsden now and deprived him of reason. How could he prove that he had been threatened with a revolver? How could he prove that he had not taken the money himself? Who would believe that Weston had walked in and then out again with \$5000?

His brain whirled. He was beside hima smile on her lips, tiptoed to the library door to surprise the lover in whom she had so much confidence. She stood hor-

plunged across the screen to the floor.
"My God!" said Marsden, and then he
lost consciousness.

In Weston's pocket was found the album from which Whittaker's name had
been torn. Marsden's explanations were
clear and convincing.

A most leter he and Solids.

have cost her. (Copyright, 1915.)

WHY IT'S BLUE MONDAY When the average man is gallant or

Monday something is sure to happen. Harry Craig, who commutes from 60th and Market streets, saw an old woman drop a glove today and stooped to pick it up. As he reached for the glove his eye-

The delay was fatal. A drowsy passenger suddenly realized that the door was about to close at his station. He jumped up and used Craig's glasses for a doormat. The only thing discernible on the floor was the frame. Even this was twisted pathetically.

Craig looked at the passenger with the powerful feet in a way which made words impossible.

"You had no right to leave your glasses on the floor," growled the man.

Elizabeth Gardner.

"Why, of course I remember you!" she exclaimed when he entered her apartment. "And to think that when I had hear estate agent's clerk, who wouldn't take my money, and why was so wretchedly rude to me 12 months ago."

Tavernake was quite cool. He found himself wondering whether this was a pose, of whether she had indeed for

WELL, YOU SEE, I'M ABOUT THE

OF TAVERNAKE

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

SECOND BOOK. CHAPTER IV.

PRITCHARD'S GOOD NEWS. "You-you mustn't," she murmured. He held out his other hand and half

He held out his other ham and half rose, but her lips suddenly ceased to quiver and she waved him back. "No, Leonard," she begged, "please don't do or say anything foolish. Since we do meet again, though, like this, I am going to sak you one question. What made you come to me and ask me to marry you that day""

He looked away; something in her eyes

accused him.
"Beatrice," he confessed. "I was a thick-headed ignorant fool, without understanding. I came to you for safety. I was afraid of Elizabeth, I was afraid of what I felt for her. I wanted to escape from it."

She smiled piteously.
"And now?" she asked.
"Beatrice!"

She turned and faced him. She looked into his eyes very searchingly, very wist-

"Heatrice," he said, "I ask you once more, only differently. Will you marry me now? I'll find some work, I'll make enough money for us. Do you remember,"
he went on, "how I used to talk, how
I used to feel that I had only to put
forth my strength and I could win anything? I'll feel like that again, Beatrice, if you'll come to me."

For the next few days Tavernake loafed. On his return one afternoon from a long walk, he saw a familiar figure sitting upon the sea wall in front of the workshop, a familiar figure, but a strange one in these parts. It was Mr. Pritchard, in an American felt hat, and smoking a very black cigar. He leaned over and hodded to Tavernake, who was staring

give me what you have here—you will never be suspected. You will rise, you will marry Sylvia, and in time can make it good. You will not be harmed—nobody will be harmed. On the other hand—prison for four thousand of Whittaker's good cash, disgrace and the loss of Sylvia."

"Hallo, old man!" he cannot you to earth, you see!"
"Yes, I see!" Tavernake exclaimed.
"Come right along up here and let's talk." Pritchard continued.
Tavernake obeyed. Pritchard looked him over approvingly. Tavernake was roughly dressed in those days, but as a roughly dressed in those days, but as a roughly dressed in those days. man he had certainly developed.
"Say, you're looking fine," his visitor remarked. "What wouldn't I give for

that color and those shoulders!"
"It is a healthy life," Tavernake ad-

mitted. "Do you mean that you've come down here to see me?" "That's so," Pritchard announced; "down here to see you, and for ne other reason. Not but that the scenery isn't all it should be, and that sort of thing," he went on, "but I am not putting up any blur about it. It's you I am here to talk to. Are you ready? Shall I go straight ahead?"

"If you please," Tavernake said, slowly

filling his pipe.

For a long time Pritchard talked, straight at Tavernake. He did not pick his words, but showed Tavernake how viciously foolish had been his attempt to run away from his obligations. He assured Tavernake that the only happiness in store for him was through labor in a

in store for him was through labor in a new country.

"I am going on a two years' vacation," said Pritchard. "I like you well enough to ask you to come along. You don't know much about prospecting, I reckon?" "Nothing at all!"

"You soon shall." Pritchard went on.

"We'll start from Winnipeg. A few horses, some guides, and a couple of tents. We'll spend 29 weeks, my friend, without seeing a town. What do you think of that?"
"Gorgeous!" Tavernake muttered.

"Twenty weeks we'll strike westward

door to surprise the lover in whom she had so much confidence. She stood horror-atricken on the threshold.

Marsden sat with his head turned away, with his right elbow resting on the table, his hand raised, and her own revolver pointed at his head.

She dared not startle him. She saw that he was meditating. There was but a second to spare.

"Twenty weeks we'll strike westward. I know the way to set about the whole job. I know one or two of the capitalists, too, and and if we don't map out some of the grandest estates in British Columbia, why, my name ain't Pritchard."

"But I haven't a penny in the world."

Tavernake objected.

that he was meditating. There was but a second to spare.

With the flight of a bird she sprang to his side.

"Fred!" she cried, and knocked down the hand that held the weapon.

It exploded. There was a cry from behind the screen. It fell toward them, and the body of Weston, still with his own revolver in his hand, but with a hullet from Sylvia's pistol in his heart, plunged across the screen to the floor.

Tavernake objected.

"That's where you're lying." Pritchard remarked, pulling a newspaper from his pocket. "See the advertisement for yourself: 'Leonard Tavernake, something to his advantage.' Well, down I went to those lawyers—your old lawyer it was—Martin, I told him I was on your track, and he said—'For Heaven's sake, send the fellow along!' Say, Tavernake he made me laugh the way he described your me laugh the way he described your bursting in upon him and telling him to take your land for his costs and walking In Weston's nocket was found the al-bum from which Whittaker's name had been torn. Maraden's explanations were clear and convincins.

A month later he and Sylvia were mar-ried, but she shudders when she recalls that night and thinks what another mo-ment of delay in reaching home would have cost her. out of the room like something almighty

Tavernake smoked stolidly at his pipe. "I'm coming with you," he said at

CHAPTER V.

BEATRICE REFUSES.
A week later Tavernake was in London.
A visit to his friend Mr. Martin had
easily proved the truth of Pritchard's
words, and he found himself in possession of a sum of money at least twice as great as he had anticipated. He stayed When he felt himself ready he sought out Beatrice; again he asked her to marry

him. Again she refused, and thinking of what he had told her, she sent him to Elizabeth Gardner.

"Why, of course I remember you!" she exclaimed when he entered her apartment. "And to think that when I had heard the name before! You are my door extant agarts and the property of the pro edly rude to me 12 months ago."
Tavernake was quite cool. He found himself wondering whether this was a pose, of whether she had indeed for-

night in your rooms at the Milan Court when your husband-"

She stopped him with an imperative

genture. "Spare me, please," she begged. "This were such terrible days so dult, too! I remember that you were quite one of the brightest spots. You were absolutely dif-ferent from every one I had ever met be-fore, and you interested me immensely."

She looked at him and slowly abook he "You look very nice," she said, "Your

"You look very nice," she said. "Your clothes fit you and you are most becomingly tanned, but you don't look half so awkward and so adorable."
"I am sorry," he replied, shortly,
"And you came to see me!" she went on. "That was really nice of you. You were quite fond of me, once, you know. Tell me, has it lasted?"
"That is exactly what I came to flod out," he answered deliberately. "So far, I am inclined to think that it has not lasted."

insted.'

lasted."
She made a little wry face and drew his arm through hers.
"Come and sit down and tell me why," she insisted. "Be honest, now. Is it because you think I am looking older?"
"I have thought of you for many hours a day for months," Tavernake said, slowly, "and I never imagined you so beautiful as you seem now."
She clasped her hands.
"And you mean it, too!" she exclaimed

"And you mean it, too!" she exclaimed "There is just the same delightfully convincing note in your tone. I am sure that you mean it. Please go on adoring me, Mr. Tavernake. I have no one who interests me at all just now. There is an Italian Count who wants to marry me, but he is terribly poor; and a young Australian, who follows me everywhere, but I am not sure about him. There is an English boy, too, who is going to commit suicide if I don't say 'yes' to him this week. On the whole, I think I am rather week. On the whole, I think I am rather sorry that people know I am a widow. Tell me, Mr. Tavernake, are you going to adore me, too?"
"I don't think so," Tavernake answered.

"I rather believe that I am cured."
She shrugged her shoulders and laughed

musically.

"But you say that you still think I am beautiful," she went on, "and I am sure my clothes are perfect—they came straight from Paris. I hope you appreciate this lace," she added, drawing it through her fingers. "My figure is just as good, too, isn't it?"

She stood up and turned slowly round. Then she gat down suddenly taking his musically.

She stood up and turned slowly round. Then she sat down suddenly, taking his hand in hers.

"Please don't say that you think I have grown less attractive," she begged.

"As regards your personal attractions." Tavernake replied, "I imagine that they are at least as great as ever. If you want the truth, I think that the reason I do not adore you any longer is because I say your sister last night."

"Saw Beatrice!" she exclaimed. "Saw Beatrice!" she exclaimed.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

HIGHWAY CHIEF WOULD PLACE TAX ON VEHICLES

Annual Report Suggests Methods of Increasing City Revenue.

Chief William H. Connell, of the Burea of Highways, recommends in his annual report for 1914 methods for increasnual report for 1914 methods for increasing municipal revenues for the care of the city's highways. He points out that the levying of a reasonable vehicle tax, similar to one imposed in Chicago, should yield Philadelphia possibly \$220,000 a year. A revenue of \$40,000 could be realized, he believes, by increasing the charge to contractors for placing building materials in the streets from 25 cents to \$5.

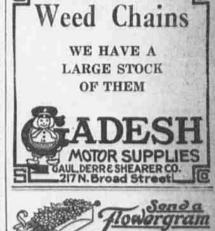
The Highway Bureau expended during 1914 the sum of \$5,601,289. That amount was for grading, construction and maintenance of streets and roads, collection and disposal of garbage, ashes and household waste, street cleaning, maintenance of bridges and sewers and similar activities. lar activities.

lar activities.

Seventy-seven miles of new streets were built and paved during 1914, of which 21 miles were asphalt, 31 miles waterbound macadam, 15 miles bituminous paving, 5½ miles vitrified block, and about 4 miles of granite and wood block and concrete roads. Expenditures on country roads during 1914 were \$55.149.

There are now in Philadelphia 1612.77 miles of paved streets and roads, as follows: 1089,42 miles of improved pavements, 75.45 miles of bituminous macadam, 241 miles of waterbound macadam. adam, 241 miles of waterbound macadam, 112 miles of concrete roads and 294,19 miles of dirt roads and graded streets.

Lecture on State Highways Joseph W. Hunter, of Jenkintown, Deputy Highway Commissioner of Pennsylvania, will deliver an address on "Pennsylvania Highways" tonight hefore the Wyncote Civic and Social Association at the Calvary Presbyterian Church. It will be illustrated with more than 100 slides



Inthe Charles Henry Fox

he Block 221 South Broad St.

NO. 60-ASTHMA SIMPSON, THE VILLAGE QUEEN-WE'RE DEVIATING, BUT WASN'T THIS AN AWFUL SLAM FOR CON?

